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P96

1853



ORATION

BY THOMAS DURFEE,

July 4th, 1853.





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AN

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES

AND

CITIZENS OF PROVIDENCE,

ON THE

SEVENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4, 1853.

BY THOMAS DURFEE. 1826-

PROVIDENCE:

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1853.

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PROVIDENCE, July 15th, 1853.

THOMAS DURFEE, Esq:

Sir:—We have the pleasure to transmit to you the annexed copy of a resolution passed by the City Council, on the 11th of July last.

Respectfully,

Your fellow citizens,

THO'S A. DOYLE,
E. W. WALKER,
C. W. HOLBROOK,
GEO. W. HALL, } Committee.

CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

IN CITY COUNCIL, }
July 11th, A. D. 1853. }

Resolved, That the committee appointed to make arrangements for the Municipal Celebration of the Anniversary of American Independence, be and they are hereby authorized to request of Thomas Durfee, Esq., a copy of the Oration delivered by him on the fourth of July last, and cause the same to be published in such manner as they may deem expedient, for the use of the City Council.

True copy—Attest:

ALBERT PABODIE, *City Clerk*.

PROVIDENCE, July 15th, 1853.

Gentlemen:—I have received yours of this date, transmitting a copy of a resolution of the City Council, passed on the 11th of July last. Returning to the City Council my thanks for so flattering a proof of their approbation, I place my manuscript at your disposal.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS DURFEE.

To Messrs. THO'S A. DOYLE,
E. W. WALKER,
C. W. HOLBROOK,
GEO. W. HALL, } Committee.

ORATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS :

WE read in English history that shortly after the giving of Magna Charta, the high primate of the Church, surrounded by his bishops in the pomp of pontifical apparel, with censors burning, stood in the great hall at Westminster, and, in the presence of the king, the peers, and the commons of England, did excommunicate and accurse, and from the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and from all the company of heaven, and from all the sacraments of holy church, did sequester and exclude all the violators of that glorious ordinance of British freedom. The same love of liberty and the same detestation of tyranny, which, of old, prompted these terrific fulminations of the church, are to-day speaking in the jubilant peal of music and bell and cannon, and in all the bright pageantry, the pæans and the benedictions of a national holiday. It were not unprofitable to trace the progress of this Liberty from that day, when she stood amongst our ancestors, panoplied in curses and anathemas and planting her faith on the terrors of an unseen world, down a no-

ble line of heroes and martyrs, through trying vicissitudes of triumph and disaster, brightening along the slow march of centuries, by hard-wrung concessions from despot and bigot, and by the growing light in the masses of the people, until this time, when, as the morning blushes from peak to peak, and spire calls to spire across the belt of half a hemisphere, she hears the united thanksgivings of twenty millions of free-men rejoicing in her beneficence. But the occasion permits only such a passing glance along this line of beacon-fires, blazing on the eminences of the past, as will throw light upon the institutions and principles which, whatever their origin, drew their fullest inspirations from the American Revolution.

The benefits which we inherit from the Revolution, though incalculably great, may be briefly stated thus:—The secure establishment of a free government; the example of a disinterested patriotism; the precedent of a wise administrative policy.

Our fathers established a government avowedly deriving its powers from the consent of the governed; and the conformity of this principle with the character and habits of the people affords the surest pledge of its continuance. This idea of government, though it then acquired a new and more perfect expression, was not the offspring of the Revolution.

Dimly foreshadowed or distinctly defined, it has always been an element of the Anglo Saxon character. The old Roman conquerer remarked it in the German forests, when our Teutonic ancestors elected their warrior chiefs by the clashing of their shields. With them it migrated to England, breathed its life into the British Constitution, and developed itself in the contest between prerogative and privilege—the divine right of the king and the chartered immunities of the subject. It is this contest that gives an enduring interest to English history. One party traced the sources of royal power directly to God himself; the other to a constitution which reposed on the will of the governed;—both fought within the shadow of a mighty truth. For in one sense all government is divine. Man is formed with such social attributes that some government is ordained in the very laws of his nature, but the kind of government is of human election not of divine ordinance. God has said, “Let there be Law,” as plainly as of old He said “Let there be light,” and, in the infancy of nations, the king stands forth as the visible symbol and bright manifestation of this will of heaven. It is not strange, then, that in the ruder ages of English history, this distinction between the divine and necessary origin of government, and the human and elective character of its administra-

tive functions should have been oftener overlooked than recognized. The distinction was rather felt than understood ; and the king, inheriting the glories of an ancestry whose origin was hidden in the golden mist of fable, encircled with regal pomp and personating the majesty of a mighty nation, with vast intellectual and physical resources at his command, could easily deceive a simple populace and perhaps himself, with the idea that this imperial power, which he traced back through the long succession of his sceptered lineage, was no other than heaven's boon, vouchsafed to him, to be dispensed at his gracious will, rather than the sacred trust of his people, to be administered as they prescribe and for their good. Many things favored this idea. He was the anointed of the church and swayed the crozier of ecclesiastical supremacy. He held the sword, and, wherever the English flag floated victoriously over the contests of English valor, the triumphant heart of the nation bowed to him as the source of their martial prowess. By a legal fiction he was immortal, could do no wrong and was the fountain of justice. The honors of the prelacy and the peerage were in his gift and he signed the patents for newly-discovered climes. From him the oldest nobles of the realm held the tenure of their dignities and were but too often the minions of his caprice. His

power, descending in the line of a single family with its inherited maxims of self-aggrandizement, maintained and enlarged itself with the consistency of a single will, while the people resisted with the indecision of numbers. When Louis the Fourteenth of France said, "I am the State," he scarcely wielded a single prerogative, which was not claimed by some of the English Kings.

Instinctively the thoughts of the mind seek an expression, which shall make them palpable to the senses. Now what could have more strikingly embodied the idea of a divine right of government, which, so true as a general law, is false only in arrogating an exclusive form of organization, than this imposing assemblage of sovereign powers? In France such was the result; in England there was only an oscillating tendency towards it. Why was this? The answer lies in the differences of national character. The French are a nation of abstractionists and carry all things to extremes. The English are men of practical sense and love the security of moderation. The subtle acumen of the French mind delights in scientific analysis, which pushes the expression of truth to its ultimate formulas. The sturdy common sense of the English dwells in the realities of practical life and never sacrifices positive good for theoretical perfection. Even in their recreations

you find the same characteristics, impelling the one to frivolous gaiety or delirious excitement, satisfying the other with a sober comfort. It is owing to this difference of character, manifesting itself in politics, that the French of one age repose in an absolute monarchy, and, in another, hurry to the verge of anarchy; that to-day they expel a constitutional monarch to indulge the utopian dream of a perfect political equality, and to-morrow bask their fickle hearts in the meretricious splendor of a despotism. England, on the other hand, clings even to old abuses, out of respect to some contingently resulting benefit, and revives antiquated precedents, which can only plead their by-gone services as a palliation for present mischief. She moves forward holding always by the past, exhibiting the completest example extant of a progressive conservatism. Her history is the history of common sense applied to politics.

This original practical tendency of the English, now reposing on its sturdy tenacity and now incited to action by English liberty, was still further developed by their political training. From early times they claimed, exemption from taxes unless levied by their own representatives; the right of trial by a jury of their peers; protection, under the writ of habeas corpus, from arrest and imprisonment except

for causes known to the law ; and the right of impeaching the powerful ministers of the crown, before the House of Lords, for high crimes and misdemeanors. These privileges gave them the censorship of the royal expenditures, power to prevent the acquisition of the means of oppression and to exact the redress of grievances ; secured their lives, liberty and property from infringement and restrained the exorbitance of official power within its legitimate sphere. The possession of freedom is itself one source of the virtues by which it is perpetuated. Waging the contest with the royal prerogative from the vantage ground of these chartered rights, English liberty repaid the debt, which she owed to the practical mind and moral character of the people, by the new enlargement which she imparted to that mind and that character. She inspired the greatest deeds in English history and glowed in the grandest conceptions of English literature. From sire to son, by the hearth-side of the English yeoman, descended the traditions which told how their fathers kindled with patriotic resentment, when the king's bailiff presented his warrant for illegal taxes, when their brethren were imprisoned without precept, condemned without the judgment of their peers, restricted of the free right of speech or invaded in the sanctuary of their homes.

And thus did liberty grow into the habit of their life; she was no brilliant apparition, that emerged and vanished in the smoke of civil contests; her appeal was made to the sanctity of law, to time-honored customs, to immunities older than tradition, to institutions sacred by glorious memories, to precedents with the force of statutes and to reason stronger than precedent, and to the eternal rules of justice, so that every victory for freedom was no less a victory in the moral development of the nation.—Once only does she imbrue her hand in royal blood, and then, only after the forfeiture of repeated pledges given for her security. At no time do you find her clamoring for abstract principles. She sheds no blood for the empty phantoms of liberty, equality, fraternity. That is a French frenzy. But when one of the institutions, through which a principle is bodied into practical life, is perilled either by violence or treachery, then you hear the sentry note of alarm sounded by the free press of England; you hear the oracles of the law uttered by the courts, within whose precincts liberty sits enshrined by the side of justice; while the indignant voice of parliament blends with the public clamor to swell the volume of irrepressible denunciation, and if this does not prevail, there is still left the final and triumphant appeal to the irresistible remonstrance of the British bayonet.

But why do I dwell upon the manifestations of this spirit in English history? Because the inheritor of a noble patrimony feels safer in its possession from having traced the unblemished chain of title, by which it has descended. We too are the heirs of English glory and English liberty. For us too did she endure this discipline of centuries of trial; for many generations, her history is our history; her blood warms our hearts and her experience has moulded our character; that character has qualified us for the achievement of self-government, and therefore, in celebrating our independence from her, it is not unmeet we do it with generous acknowledgments, as the enfranchised son, while regretting the faults, piously remembers the benefactions of his parent.

The liberty and the character, which we inherited from the mother country, and which are so indissolubly wedded in English history, received a new expansion in the American Revolution. American colonization was itself one movement of the free spirit of the age. The colonists of New England were the Puritans, than whom no sincerer lovers of freedom ever breathed the English air. They had disclaimed the authority of the English hierarchy, and in the same bold spirit, with which they appealed from the church to the Bible, they appealed

from the king to the constitution. To statesmen of their school, England owes it that she was not demoralized and enslaved by the corrupt and despotic dynasty of the Stuarts. Flying persecutions at home, they sought freedom in the western forests. Other adventurous spirits settled other parts of the new world. They came under royal charters, which, subject to the jurisdiction therein reserved to the king and council, secured to them their heritage of English rights and English laws. By virtue of these, Parliament had no power to tax them and no direct authority in their internal administration. Their contributions were levied by themselves, in response to circular letters addressed by the king to their provincial assemblies. Under their charters they had established these. Many of them chose their own governors. Their division into thirteen separate colonies had brought more directly home to each citizen the responsibilities of government and trained him in its rights and duties. For this reason they had more practical knowledge, and more thoroughly understood the theory and history of politics than men of the same class in England. Yet in all this they were Englishmen with English ideas, tracing their rights to Magna Charta, and basing their reasonings on the principles of the revolution of 1688.

The immunities of such a people the king and parliament attempted to violate. We will not speak uncharitably of England. The problem of colonial administration was perplexing at the best, and the intervention of three thousand miles and an ocean could hardly have simplified its intricacies; yet justice requires that we should condemn her policy. It was selfish, illiberal, short-sighted—aiming simply to make America a source of profit. Her trade should swell the gains of English commerce; her wants supply the market for English manufactures; the younger sons of the nobility and the favorites and sycophants of the crown should be pensioned on her civil and military offices. The long catalogue of grievances, to which this policy led, is written in the Declaration of Independence. Prominent among them is taxation by parliament. So long as America retained the right to grant or refuse her contributions, some emergency might arise, when she could extort the redress of her grievances; if this right were lost, then was she doomed to irretrievable oppression. The old issue was raised, whether a free-born Briton could be taxed by any other than his representatives, so often of old decided in favor of freedom; and she felt, she should be recreant not only to herself and to posterity, but to immortal memories, if now it were decided other-

wise. Dissolving, therefore, the ties of a forfeited allegiance, and declaring, that "governments are instituted amongst men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,"—she appealed no less to English history than to the inherent rights of man for her justification, and did not fail to find champions even at the foot of the throne. The events of the revolution are too familiar to need repetition here. The result of the contest was the independence of America and the establishment of a government, which, preserving all that was most valuable in the English constitution and laws, abolished every vestige of hereditary power, and planted itself on the principle of political equality.

In this wise, did the imperfect germ of self-government, transplanted from the German forests into the genial soil of the English character, deriving thence the elastic vigor to resist the long continued aggressions of a throne, which rested on the possession of physical power and the arrogation of divine right, and gathering strength from resistance, expand, through the Revolution, to its crowning maturity in the American Constitution. And, therefore, do I claim for it a secure establishment, because it hath come in the progress of a natural development, as the product not of evanescent causes but of the indigenous elements of our national character.

Fellow Citizens ! I will speak briefly of the spirit in which our ancestors achieved this great result,—of their example of disinterested patriotism.

Few now are left of those who once survived the revolution. Here and there you meet some venerable man, marked with honorable scars and wrinkled with unremembered troubles, bowed beneath the burthen of many infirmities, whose thin locks are bleached by the frosts of ninety winters, whose listless eye has long since grown dim with sorrowful experience, within whose heart the chords of many a cherished and many a bitter feeling will never again vibrate to the touch of human sympathy. The important intelligence of the day, the great discoveries in science and art, the improvements that enhance knowledge and multiply enjoyment, reach him without interest, and the most touching events of his household scarcely ruffle the torpor of his faculties. Yet there is thrilling life in that form. Touch upon some event, whisper but the name of some hero of the revolution—the faded eye kindles, the wan and furrowed face glows with animation, new vigor erects that bent and tottering frame, the eloquence of forgotten tones lingers on those lips, and the intelligence of a better day lights up his intellect. His soul still pants with the valor of

Bunker Hill and Monmouth and Lexington—still burns with its ancient devotion to Lafayette and Greene and Washington. What is the spring of this quenchless enthusiasm, defying time and sorrow and surviving almost the recollection of his wedded life,—the one living spot unblemished by decay? The inspirations of an heroic passion have once elevated him above his ordinary humanity. His heart, once pledged to the service of a great principle, to the defence of sacred rights—kept its fidelity in the face of hardship and sacrifice and danger and death, and the sense of noble duties nobly discharged rewards the hero with undying memories of a time, when the love of self was all absorbed and glorified in the love of country.

If any one should measure this greatness of soul, this enthusiasm of self devotion, simply by the battles of the revolution, he would very imperfectly conceive its character. Greater battles have been fought to serve the crazy whims of a tyrant. But no tyrant ever accomplished what America achieved. His army is formed from compacted forces inured to submission,—hers from the dissentient passions of a rebellion. The reduction of many minds to single-hearted obedience is easy under the pressure and discipline of established power ; she must effect it by the force of a great sentiment, which, seizing

the free wills of the community, bends them to a common object. Thirteen different states must forget their differences in a federation of their councils; thousands of men, too rich to suffer from the grievance of taxation or too poor to be reached by its exactions, must lay aside their private interests in devotion to the public. It is done. Otis and Adams and Franklin and Henry and Jefferson smite the chords of patriotism with the memory of traditional right and the prophecy of predestinated freedom, until that divine instinct of the soul, which makes it sweeter to die in the service of truth than to enjoy the richest rewards of its renunciation, quickens the conscience of a nation. It is a moral, not a martial greatness, that gives its glory to the revolution. The lofty temper, with which they entered on the war against desperate odds, after seven years of exposure to the direst sufferings—cold, hunger, poverty, sickness, captivity and death—after hope was blighted and the scant rewards of their service had dwindled in the depreciation of a factitious currency, still preserved its original force unspent. In the hour of appalling darkness which no human sagacity could penetrate, they moved onwards with serene confidence in the benignity of Providence, and, thus supporting their patriotism on the arm of religion, devoted themselves unshrink-

ingly to death. Not inaptly of them may be said what was said of the old Athenians slain in battle ; “Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will always be most illustrious—not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved—to be on every occasion, when honor is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered.”

But there is another element of the spirit of that time, which must not be forgotten. The patriotism, that sits with clasped hands beside the altars of home, in its unwitnessed endurance is scarcely less heroic than that, which with undaunted courage mingles in the storm of battle. The mind touched by the honorable ambitions of civic life, the heart that garners up the treasure of household affections or enshrines the mystery of earliest love, goes forth shielded by many prayers and returns smitten by that undistinguishing hand, leaving to others the wounds which no human art can heal. Yet the charities, that shed their charm by the fireside, not only intertwine but foster the virtues, which constitute the ornament and strength of states. The widowed mother, already once despoiled, buckles his father’s equipments around her son, inflames with noble words his quick sense of glory and valor,

faltering now not with fear but tenderness, and, with the parting benedictions of love and religion, devotes him to her country's service. In the fatigues of the march, in the privations of the camp, in the perils of battle, in the vision of inevitable death, that remembered form still cheers, still encourages, still points forward to the post of honor, and upward, through the assurances of faith, to the recompence of duty. Beside his humble grave, honored with no public sorrow and marked by no memorial inscription, stands the solitary mourner, and, from that simple mound where every earthly joy lies buried with her son, lifts upward a thankful heart, because he still reposes in the soil of freedom. Forever honored be this finer and less appreciable, but scarcely less potent, influence of the Women of the Revolution!

If the strictness of truth require the qualifying touch of a darker pencil, it may be trusted to the scrupulous exactness of the historian. Better for us is it, that we take home to our hearts these brighter patterns for study and imitation, remembering that, though not summoned to the glory of dying for our country, a no less pure and honorable fame awaits the man who lives for its improvement. *

* This and the preceding paragraph, on account of the lateness of the hour, were omitted in the delivery.

The men, who established our government upon the permanent basis of the federal constitution, likewise moulded its earliest administrative policy. At the head of the administration were Washington and Adams; in the cabinet were Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox and Randolph, all distinguished for their revolutionary services. Arduous duties devolved upon them—to discharge a heavy public debt, to devise a system of national finances, to revive a languishing commerce, to encourage manufactures and the mechanic arts, to allay the jealousies and harmonize the interests of thirteen states. A foreign policy was to be adopted, a matter embarrassed in the outset by the attempt of foreign emissaries and many of our own citizens to involve the country in the contests of the French Revolution. The question of international intervention, which has so lately agitated the public mind, was then presented, and it was determined, that while the government would entertain every proposed alliance of amity and commerce, it would observe a strict neutrality in the political concerns of other nations. Who shall say how much depended on the wisdom of these initiatory measures; or what slight variations from their line of policy might have disturbed the delicate balance of adjustments, which sustains so many sepa-

rate sovereignties in obedience to one central law, have retarded the material prosperity of the country or committed it to a series of pernicious entanglements with foreign politics? The views which guided that administration, are bequeathed to us in Washington's Farewell Address. The fundamental principle of its policy was to confine American energies to the improvement of American resources—in one word, self-development. Under the guidance of this principle, occasionally modified in its application by the emergence of new interests or the change of parties, the country has achieved its unexampled progress of material and political prosperity. May never the madness of partizan passion, the lust of territorial conquest or the eloquent casuistry of a misguided philanthropy seduce her from a policy so pregnant with beneficent results!

This liberty, thus acquired and thus extended through the constitution and laws to all the concerns of civil life, and this common country, thus auspiciously inaugurated in its career of improvement, have descended to us for enjoyment and transmission. We are one link of that society, which, renewing itself from generation to generation, perpetuates not only the succession of human life but the civilization of the race. The individual perishes—she is immortal, and, in her archives records

the title, and keeps for herself the fee for this fair inheritance of government and law and liberty, of science and art and literature, and the garnered harvests of industry and genius—from all her ample possessions, allowing to man simply usufruct. On him she bestows, without price, the use of all her gifts—the boon of civil liberty, purchased of yore with such precious blood. Has he then no duty but their enjoyment? Let him not be deceived! Let him not, misinterpreting the praises of liberty by the wise and the good, too hastily infer that she comes to bring the palms of manly excellence, rather than to open the lists in which they may be won. Let him never forget those darker days of France, when the votaries of freedom, exulting in the apotheosis of human reason, defied the sanctions of morality and religion and placed

“Within the sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations;”

and, from this fearful warning, let him learn in time, that she brings no exemptions from human endeavor and only multiplies the obligations of duty. The civil franchises and the political rights which she confers, valuable as they are, are chiefly valuable because they insure the inviolability of the reason and the conscience,—of that nobler liberty wherewith the truth doth make us free. This liber-

ty, the brightest flower of an exalted manhood, no human law can confer. This the individual must achieve for himself. Yet it is the element from which spring the fruits of the purest virtue, the products of the noblest genius, the enduring excellencies of literature and philosophy and art. If these have flourished under the sway of tyrants, it is only because, even in the absence of civil rights, the mind has dared to cherish its own proper freedom. For this reason, Socrates in prison and Grotius in exile, disdaining to purchase the favor of people or king by the smallest concessions of this birthright of the soul, stand at the summit of moral heroism. For the same reason, what scale can graduate the pusillanimity of that free born citizen, who, blessed with every civil immunity, yet surrenders, from mere cowardice of thought, his private judgment to the shifting currents of popular opinion or the imperious despotism of ancient abuse, or still more, basely barter it for a price. Heaven forbid, that any American should ever fathom the depth of such a degradation! And yet the spirit of our fathers, speaking from the annals of their time, doth challenge from us a higher elevation of intellectual and social freedom than we have yet attained; doth demand from us that we shall be less the plagiarists of European manners and less the copyists of Euro-

pean thought; that we shall more willingly forego the idolatrous service of wealth in the culture of the higher faculties of our nature, and that, keeping inviolate the union between freedom of thought and freedom of speech, we in our turn shall infuse somewhat of that grand and liberal spirit, in which they fashioned the fabric of our government, into the lofty creations of genius and reason—into the beautiful forms of poetry and art. And on this day, when we are all so pardonably profuse in our ascriptions of self-applause, may we not also hear those ancestral voices, breathing through exultant congregations, like the wind-woven music of a forest, with the impressive announcement, that the glory of a nation lies not in its opulence, not in its material power, scarcely in the freedom of its laws, but in the intelligence, the virtue, the magnanimity—the intellectual and moral pre-eminence of its citizens.

But what, it may be asked, amid this unbounded freedom of thought and this unrestrained licence of expression, shall insure the stability of Government? Nothing, but a continuance of the national virtues in which it was established, and, chief amongst them, a profound sense in the popular mind, of the obligations of the law. Between the wide extremes of social rank and along the extended gradations of pecuniary inequality, lurk the abundant motives for

sedition and the powerful temptations to rapacity ; yet affluence may revel in her palace while poverty starves at its threshold, and luxury may slumber by the thoroughfare where wretchedness stalks unsheltered, and the reverential conviction of the presence of a law, that wakes and protects and punishes, shall appal the heart of the conspirator and stay the hand of the robber. It is on this sentiment that repose the solid foundations of our Republic. Let no well-wisher of freedom dare to tamper with it ! Rather let every citizen cherish it in himself and his children, not as a blind instinct of fear, but as an enlightened persuasion of the reason, remembering that it is interlinked with the tenure of all his rights, and that in disobeying it he is disloyal to himself and repudiates his own humanity, rendering thus the most fearful expiation, even though no other punishment overtake his guilt.* An English author has sneeringly described our government as "an anarchy, regulated by the street-constable." Let us accept his taunt as our glory ; for the full majesty of the law doth walk abroad in the humblest functionary that executes its precepts, and the moment it becomes less venerable in his person than in the proudest monarch on his throne, that moment

* For a beautiful passage upon the obligations of law, see Cicero, De Repub. Lib. III, Cap. 22, quoted by Sir James Mackintosh in his "Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations."

our government shakes to its centre and we do indeed become an anarchy, not regulated, but at the mercy of the passions and caprices of all sorts and conditions of men.

Next to a respect for the law, if it be not implied in it, the surest bulwark of our institutions is a veneration for the Union. A fabric, whose strong foundations were laid by Washington and his great compeers, as the grand experiment of the age, and which has thus far so abundantly redeemed the auguries of its institution in the unparalleled prosperity which it has conferred, which, with an expansiveness almost miraculous, advances the broad shield of the Constitution over the constantly emergent destinies of new-born States, and which, in its extension, has reflected the meridian splendor and still glows with the setting glories of a Clay and a Webster, needs scarcely plead its transcendent utility to insure its duration. No, fellow-citizens! I will not insult your understandings and your hearts by the conjecture of its dismemberment. No!—it stands too securely established in the history of its unnumbered blessings—too intimately interwoven in the amalgamation of its diversified interests, ever to be abolished; No!—bearing proudly up the constellated banner of the nation, it remains, and will remain forever, firmly clasped and cemented together in the

fusion of the ties that make us one people, with one language and one blood, one system of laws and one form of government, a common history and a common tradition, the same shrines of religion, the same monuments of national glory and the same ancestral graves.



THE FOLLOWING WAS THE
ORDER OF EXERCISES.

VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

INTRODUCTORY ANTHEM—BY THE JUVENILE CHOIR.

WORDS BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

Freedom spreads her downy wings,
Over all created things;
Glory to the King of kings,
 Bend low to him the knee!
Bring the heart before His throne—
Worshlp Him and Him alone!—
He's the only King we own—
 And He has made us free!

The holiest spot a smiling sun
E'er shed its genial rays upon,
Is that which gave a Washington,
 The drooping world to cheer!
Sound the clarion-peals of fame!
Ye who bear Columbia's name!—
With existence freedom came,
 It is man's birth-right here!

Heirs of an immortal sire,
Let his deeds your hearts inspire;
Weave the strain and wake the lyre
 Where your proud altars stand!
Hail with pride and loud hurrahs,
Streaming from a thousand spars,
Freedom's rainbow-flag of stars!
The symbol of our land.

PRAYER—BY REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE.

MUSIC—BY THE AMERICAN BRASS BAND.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence.

BY WILLIAM M. RODMAN, ESQ.

MUSIC—BY WEST'S CORNET BAND.

SONG—BY THE JUVENILE CHOIR.

WORDS BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Clime! beneath whose genial sun
Kings were quell'd and freedom won;
Where the dust of Washington
Sleeps in glory's bed,—
Heroes from thy sylvan shade
Chang'd the plough for battle-blade,—
Holy men for thee have pray'd,—
Patriot martyrs bled.

Crownless Judah mourns in gloom—
Greece lies slumb'ring in the tomb—
Rome hath shorn her eagle plume—
Lost her conquering name,—
Youthful Nation of the West,
Rise! with truer greatness blest,
Sainted bands from realms of rest,
Watch thy bright'ning fame.

Empire of the brave and free!
Stretch thy sway from sea to sea,—
Who shall bid thee bend the knee
To a tyrant's throne?
Knowledge is thine armor bright,
Liberty thy beacon light,
God himself thy shield of might,
Bow to him alone.

ORATION,

BY THOMAS DUFFEE, ESQ.

MUSIC—BY THE AMERICAN BRASS BAND.

SONG—BY THE JUVENILE CHOIR.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

WORDS BY GEO. P. MORRIS, ESQ.

“A song for our banner?” The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station;
“United we stand, divided we fall!”
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with his weapons of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder!
The union of lakes, &c.

BENEDICTION—BY THE REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE.

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